NATIONAL REVIEW

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December 1, 1956

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

The Meaning of Hungary

PROF. FREDERICK WILHELMSEN
and REV. STANLEY PARRY

The Pacifist Perversion

F. A. VOIGT

Confidential: Among Ourselves

M.B.

Articles and Reviews by · · · · · JOHN ABBOT CLARK

JAMES BURNHAM·WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM·ROY CAMPBELL

First Anniversary Issue

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For the Record

The United States estimates 16,000 Hungarians had been deported to the Soviet Union from Budapest alone up to November 14. The Soviet estimate for the same period — none. A Hungarian ham operator radioed November 18 that to his knowledge 10,000 persons had been shipped East.... In London, a Soviet Embassy official recently tried to buy a copy of a Pathe newsreel film of the Hungarian riots—obviously with a view to blowing up the films and identifying individual Hungarian rebel fighters.

Middle Eastern oil production is down 30 per cent, American oil men say. They estimate it will be a year after a settlement before production can reach the pre-Suez output of 3.7 million barrels a day.... the first of 13 oilers and eight reserve tankers the Navy has ordered recommissioned will be in service this week. The reserve will replace commercial tankers now used to haul oil for military forces.

Armed clashes between farmers and police in the predominantly Roman Catholic Qhynh Lau area of Northern Vietnam have been reported despite promises of the Vietminh Communist regime last month that it would libeberalize its collective farm program.... Tibetan rebels are said to have cut the main (and only) road between the Tibetan capital of Lhasa and China.... Indian Premier Nehru last week was forced by pressure from Socialists and other leftist groups in India to take a firmer stand against Soviet aggression in Hungary.

More Communist protests: Two Canadian and seven British Communist Party leaders quit the Party last week over Hungary.... British workers attacked a Communist speaker in Monmouthshire who tried to justify Soviet actions in Hungary.... The rift between Marshal Tito and the Kremlin widened last week when Pravda published a 1948-style blast against the Yugoslav leader.... Several Soviet units stationed in Hungary are reported to have asked Yugoslavia for asylum rather than return to Russia.

Russia had foreseen the possibility of satellite troops going over to the patriots, an underground report from Hungary indicates. This report says the Hungarian Army and other satellite forces are equipped with everything but anti-tank guns and mortars.... The Icelandic government is reported much less eager than it was a month ago for the withdrawal of American troops.... The official Soviet Navy paper said last week that British frogman Commander Lionel Crabbe died "while investigating underwater installations" on a Soviet cruiser. It gave no further details.

Socialist French Premier Guy Mollet, embarrassed by continued right-wing support, is reported to have asked one right-wing friend (Deputy Tixier-Vignancourt) to vote against him next time.... A freezing winter and sunless summer cut France's 1956 wine crop by 20 per cent. The Bordeaux region was hardest hit.... West Germany announced that its budget for the next fiscal year will be $159 million less than that for the current year.

The Supreme Court has refused to review the State Department's denial of passports to singer Paul Robeson and artist Rockwell Kent. It also refused to review Gov. J. Bracken Lee's charge that the present foreign aid program is unconstitutional.

American voters approved $2.3 billion in local bond issues on election day, rejected only $145 million.... Arthur Larson, spokesman for the Eisenhower New Republicanism, is already advocating a "special burst" of social legislation.... Interior Secretary Fred Seaton says the Administration will continue its "partnership policy" in the development of public power (despite the victory of the so-called public power candidates in the Northwest).

Alger Hiss has finished his book "Prosecution By Hearing" but so far has been unable to find an American publisher for it. It is reported that a British publishing firm is interested in bringing it out.... The New York City Board of Education has appealed to the State Supreme Court a decision by State Education Commissioner Allen that no teacher can be fired for refusing to identify other teachers he has known as Communists.

What would Pravda make of a large sign in the window of a Poughkeepsie (N.Y.) hardware store, "Use Our Layaway Plan for Shotguns and Rifles"?

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NATIONAL REVIEW

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

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The WEEK

● In this issue we publish two statements on the meaning of Hungary the mere reading of which leaves us, and perhaps our readers, damp with exhaustion, intellectual and spiritual. Great crises bring out the ultimate resources in human beings: in Hungary, from brave men, feats of high courage; in the West, from good men, utterances of rare eloquence and force. There is nothing we wish to add to the statements of Professor Wilhelmsen or Father Parry having to do with the moral challenge that faces the West.

● Mr. Kendall reports, elsewhere, on the agonizing reappraisal, by the *New York Times*, of a foreign policy now proved to be catastrophically inappropriate. NATIONAL REVIEW yields to no one in its respect for the powers of the Liberal machine, and, accordingly, is second to no one in rejoicing at disturbances within it which could lead to a fundamental reorientation. Perhaps the single most arresting statement that appeared last week was by the nation's leading Protestant theologian, Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr, in the *New York Times*. Wrote Dr. Niebuhr: ". . . it would be well to raise the question whether our new national pacifism—that is our insistence that force is ruled out in every and in all situations—may not be responsible for the desperation with which our democratic allies sought to counter the threats of the new alliance of Egyptian dictatorship and Russian tyranny . . . may it be that our responsibilities, which once tempted us to hysteria, are now tempting us to a too rigid pacifism?"

● In a speech delivered secretly at Tula but later released for radio broadcast, President Tito of Yugoslavia described the fierce factional struggles now plaguing the world Communist leadership. Defending his own course and hailing the development in Poland, Tito assigned primary blame for the "tragic error" of Soviet intervention in Hungary to the old-line Stalinist group that is everywhere scheming to regain full control over World Communism. It was apparent from Tito's analysis that he does not rule out the possibility of a Soviet move against Yugoslavia itself.

● Senator William F. Knowland last week pierced through the mask of hypocritical pacifism with

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which Nehru's foreign minister, V. K. Krishna Menon, normally screens his vengeful, Moscow- grovelling hatred of the West. In a personal comment on India's sponsorship of Red China's attempt to blackjack its way into the UN, Mr. Knowland expressed his dismay that Mr. Menon and the Indian delegation "have apparently become the floor leader for the Soviet drive to bring Communist China into the UN." This unaccustomed drop of unsweetened truth drove Mr. Menon into a kind of fury typical of the Communist circle within which he got his political training. Garbling even his words, he concluded his denunciation of Mr. Knowland with an echo of the Khrushchev manner: "The thing to do is visit a doctor, a psychopath, or somebody." The UN records were thoughtfully altered to read "a psychiatrist." They might more aptly have been altered to read a "brainwasher."

● For the first time since their unity pact was signed in 1947, Palmiro Togliatti, head of the Italian Communist Party, has publicly—and sharply—attacked Pietro Nenni, who leads the Left Socialists. Nenni had denounced the actions of the Soviet Army in Hungary, for which Togliatti has put forward the official Moscow apology. In his attack on Nenni, Togliatti, like a true blackmailer, hinted at the secret cement that built the Communist-Socialist united front in Italy: namely, billions of lire paid secretly by the Communists to Nenni and his colleagues. In 1948 and after, said Togliatti, Nenni's party had been "in difficulties and we helped them."

● One lone solitary American official ignored the pickets and attended the celebration of the October Revolution at the Soviet Embassy in Washington—and let the two-fold symbolism of this fact be lost on no one. Only *one*—which, since invitations were once sought after, symbolizes the increasing awareness, even in our laggard official circles, of the meaning of the USSR and Communism. But that one a Justice of the United States *Supreme Court*, Douglas by name—which symbolizes the present relation between the Supreme Court and American public opinion.

● In an age when not merely ladies from Hyde Park but heads of great governments fan the envy and cupidity of savages—by assuring them that they have, regardless of capacity or performance, as many "rights" as anybody else—things often get out of hand. But when the non-savages stop talking foolishness, and begin to exercise the rights of custodians of civilization, they can do their duty—as the British have just shown, to our satisfaction anyhow, in Kenya. Military operations against the Mau Mau, the British announce, can now be suspended, and for the excellent and welcome reason that they have run out of Mau Mau. Which reminds us—where are all those experts on "colonialism" who were telling us, despite having seen the British do it in Malaya—that it couldn't be done?

● The reports of Senator McCarthy's political demise, we are happy to note, were exaggerated. In fact, the Senator is very much alive to the irritations of the day. What he recently had to say on the Hungarian martyrdom, and the débâcle of official American indifference, makes more sense than any senatorial statement since Senator Knowland's of two weeks ago. And what he suggested as the proper response to the indifference of the UN may seem unacceptable to the compact American majority for a few more years; but in, say, 1958, many Americans may thoughtfully remember that in November of 1956, Senator Joseph R. McCarthy proposed to get the U.S. out of the UN and the UN out of the U.S.

● The "program" adopted by the American Public Health Association last week took on the form of a litany. It could, in fact, have been set to music. It goes something like this. Invocation (or Problem): *For rising accident rate . . .* Response (or Solution): *More federal supervision.* Inv: *For the nation's aged . . .* Resp: *More federal supervision.* Inv: *For atomic radiation . . .* Resp: *More federal supervision.* Inv. *For protection of poultry buyers . . .* Resp: *More federal supervision.* There, now—you try it: *For the aged? . . . For the sick? . . . For the disconsolate? . . . For the unhappy? . . . For the happy? . . .* That's it! You've got it!

● Twenty-two ladies are busy plying needle and thread at Michael Cohen's Hand Embroidery Emporium on Lower Broadway the other day when fifteen union toughs walk in. "There's a strike on," one of their number says. "Everybody out." One of them, a bit exuberant, takes the aforementioned Mr. Cohen and bops him on the head, for a little emphasis. Others, meanwhile, pull chairs out from under the ladies, a move they think will get the ladies off the chairs a little faster. But all of a sudden the blood boils, and the ladies drop needlepoint and take shears, brooms, chairs and miscellaneous weapons that lie around and, after a pitched battle, the toughs are out on the street. Back at Mindy's a sawbuck will get you ten that Local 66 (International Ladies' Garment Workers Union) will leave Michael Cohen's ladies strictly alone—for a while, that is, at least, they say at Mindy's.

● This issue marks the first anniversary of publication for NATIONAL REVIEW. We publish on page 15 a light-hearted—and, we think, light—account of a

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few of our experiences during the first year. It has been, for us, a gratifying year, for our readers have been generous enough to make us feel that we have been useful to them, in some way or other. We are very grateful to them—to you, and wish the very best for you.

So What Did You Expect?

We wish to analyze, with total calm (a word we prefer to sang-froid), three central criticisms of the Eisenhower Administration—in the light of our contention that Eisenhower has served his country as the obedient executor of a foreign policy that a safe majority of the people on both sides of the Atlantic have time and again endorsed.

1. However contemptibly the United States Government may *in abstractu* have acted with respect to Hungary and Suez, the resentment of our conduct being shown, overtly and currently, by Western European governments is not justified in the light of their own behavior in past years.

As regards Hungary: the United States has stuck by the policy of rejecting liberation as the objective of American policy. Western Europe—specifically including England and France—has for years, out of a deep pacifism and complacency, urged us to abandon liberation as unrealistic and bellicose. The governments of Western Europe were never so anxious as when it appeared, for a few weeks during the election campaign of 1952, that Mr. Dulles and General Eisenhower were flirting, via a few exhilarating phrases, with the idea of liberating satellite nations. On the few occasions when, in dealing with the Communists, Mr. Dulles promised to hold fast, and the fewer cases when he *did* hold fast, he was widely and vehemently accused by Europeans of threatening the peace of the world. When Senator McCarthy called on the Senate, the week before the Summit Conference, to enjoin the President to introduce the matter of the satellite nations at Geneva, he was slapped down by an overwhelming majority: a formal renunciation of Liberation.

Why, then, expect the Administration to behave *differently from the way in which it has behaved* toward Hungary?

In short, it is fair to conclude that President Eisenhower has behaved, *vis-à-vis* Hungary, with fastidious reference to the postulates of American foreign policy so carefully laid down by our mentors, European and American, in the past years.

2. What is to be gained by asserting that to refer critical problems to the United Nations is equivalent to evading responsibility, and inviting paralysis—given the fact that the United Nations, for inherent and other reasons, cannot take effective action? So what about the contention that President Eisenhower's unloading of the problem on the United Nations, and his promise not to act except in concert with the United Nations, is an effort to diffuse responsibility which will result in no effective action whatever being taken?

Can President Eisenhower be blamed for doing what he did? Are we not, as a nation, committed to "acting" through the United Nations? And has not virtually every nation in the world emphasized, over the past ten years, that the United Nations, and only the United Nations, is the instrument through which nations must move in attempting to settle problems arising from international tensions?

To sum up: it is only fair to conclude that President Eisenhower has acted, *vis-à-vis* the United Nations, in fastidious accord with the national commitment to act through the United Nations.

3. Of course it is so that the alliance between England, France and the United States, the triumvirate of the Free World, is the Free World's last, best hope. Was the United States Government, then, justified in lashing out against England and France when they moved against Egypt?

One might think not—superficially. Of course Eisenhower was right—given the United States' position on the three factors involved. For one, England and France did not consult with the UN about the

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proposed invasion, thus violating their commitment to move only through the UN. For another, they did not consult the United States, thus, in effect, fracturing an implicit agreement to behave, in international affairs, in tripartite unity. And third, England and France had resorted to force, and the United States Government is on record as rejecting the use of force as an instrument of national policy.

In short, it is only fair to conclude that President Eisenhower has acted, *vis-à-vis* the reoccupation of the Suez Canal, by precisely observing the principles of international behavior to which the United States is publicly committed.

To understand and approve the United States' handling of the present crisis one has only to understand, and approve, our foreign policy. That is all.

To put it another way: those who don't like what Ike has been up to in the last few weeks had better be prepared to change their minds about what he's been up to in the past few years. They had better be prepared, indeed, to have another look at the Eisenhower cosmology.

Higher Education on the Potomac

Russia has made new disarmament proposals and these are being studied at the highest levels in Washington.—Radio Bulletin, midday, November 17.

If this means that high level officials at USIA are studying the proposals with a view to planning the appropriate propaganda response, well enough. But if it means there must be conferring and memo-writing back and forth among the great minds in our bureaucracy in order to identify the Russian proposals as fraudulent, then the intellectual famine along the banks of the Potomac is worse than even we have been believing.

Perhaps the question at issue in the conferences and memos will be: Is Khrushchev sincere? If so, we can answer that for them, once and for all: Khrushchev has proved his sincerity a dozen times during the past. Those tanks he sent rolling into Hungary were evidence of it; so were the volleys they fired at Hungarian children; so were his statements about Western fascism and imperialism and aggression at the Gomulka reception; so was his promise to bury capitalism; and so was the nuclear bomb that exploded, simultaneously with the disarmament proposals, high in the Siberian air. And there will be further evidence of it, as Khrushchev shows his sincere determination to strip us of our courage and common sense. In a word: NATIONAL REVIEW hereby underwrites Khrushchev's sincerity, and in the act frees ten $18,000-a-year bureaucrats—to pour their time and energy into finding out what to do about such sincerity.

Watchman, What of the Night?

The public has been told of President Eisenhower's and Mr. Dulles' surprised fury at Israel, Britain and France for suddenly attacking Egypt when our government had no advance knowledge or suspicion. Why, it seems relevant to ask, didn't our government have any advance knowledge or suspicion? We trust that the President and his Secretary of State have not exhausted their stock of fury on our allies, but have a supply left over to direct against their own intelligence services that left them in such primeval ignorance. Once again—as at nearly every other important international turning point—we are compelled to wonder what CIA and the other intelligence agencies do with the one billion dollars they draw down annually.

Senator Mike Mansfield has correctly observed: "We were caught short . . . We were caught by surprise in Poland, caught by surprise in Hungary, caught by surprise in the Middle East . . . The CIA, the National Security Council and all our intelligence arms have been delinquent."

Senator Mansfield has renewed his demand—which NATIONAL REVIEW has consistently supported—for a joint congressional committee to supervise (not whitewash) the Central Intelligence Agency.

Symbols

Before the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, a fighter who took part in the Hungarian war of independence, masked to protect his family who are still in Hungary, testified that "in a revolutionary soil, wetted by tears and blood, and plowed through by wounding and humiliating laws" conflict between the symbols of nationalism and those of oppression can turn a demonstration into war.

Early in the afternoon of October 23, university students intent on expressing their sympathy with the Polish insurgents, paraded to the Petofi Monument. There thousands repeated the refrain from Petofi's national song: "We swear, We swear, We no longer will remain slaves."

As they marched on, gathering strength, toward the Bem Monument, a Hungarian flag was raised high over the crowd, with a ragged hole where the red had once converged on a hammer and sickle. Hundreds of flags appeared, many with the old Kossuth coat of arms sewn over the symbol of satellitehood.

The crowd, singing alternately the Hungarian Na-

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tional Hymn and the Szozat Appeal to the Nation, poured into the square before the puppet Parliament. At their command, the Red Star was extinguished on the roof of the Parliament. Clumsily, government spokesmen tried to gull the people with more empty promises, of the kind that had themselves become symbols of deceit. They would stay, the crowd announced, until Imre Nagy promised that their demands would be immediately satisfied.

As they waited, a detachment equipped with blow torches and three tractors set out to raze the statue of Stalin. So solidly was it mounted that it "leaned and leaned yet it held by its boots." At last, before the eyes of Soviet soldiers, the statue fell heavily to the ground.

At nightfall, officials switched off all the lights in the square, expecting that the crowd of 150,000 "like a little child, with the coming of darkness, would decide to quit and go to bed." It was by the light of 10,000 torches improvised from newspapers that the Hungarian patriots greeted ex-Premier Nagy.

"Comrades," Nagy began—but the people cried, *"There are no more comrades! We are all Magyars!"* Imry Nagy amended his speech, and at that moment the revolution was on.

A Word to the Unwise

Time, Anthony Eden warned the world the other day in the bluntest speech of his career, is running out for the nations that, lamenting Hungary, are closing their eyes to the meaning behind her re-enslavement. And he went on to address specific warnings to certain identifiable schools of thought:

To those who would rely on the United Nations for the final solution of all international problems: "Countries have occasionally complied with the majority opinion. More often they have ignored or repudiated the advice given to them and the United Nations has looked the other way. That is the reality."

To those who categorically reject the use of arms for the enforcement of international law: "If we renounce the use of force when law cannot command order, then, we are in fact undermining the rule of law. We are leaving the world open to the lawbreakers."

To those who believe that a conciliating attitude will soften the Soviet determination to conquer the world: "Whether we like it or not, we are confronted with the fact that force is an integral part of the policy of some nations. We have just witnessed an appalling example of this in Hungary. This is a terrible portent for the world. Neither Europe, nor the East, nor the American continent can blind themselves to its implications."

We couldn't agree more.

For Dr. Kilpatrick, on His 85th

There is nothing more disagreeable than the man who a) goes to the party he isn't invited to, and then, on top of it, b) insults his host. We don't like to horn in on the eighty-fifth birthday celebration of William Heard Kilpatrick, father of progressive education, especially not in order to tell him that during his life he has promulgated an enormous amount of mischief. But what can we do?—given the fact that his disciples have seized on the occasion not to pay private tribute to a very gentle man, genuinely devoted to humankind, but to launch a major propaganda offensive in behalf of progressive education. They should have come to the party not to praise Dr. Kilpatrick, but to bury his philosophy of education.

This philosophy derives from that of John Dewey, and has encouraged relativism as regards truth, chaos as regards discipline, and vocationalism in education. Dr. Kilpatrick and Dr. Dewey were great teachers—for they understood children, and tried to make academic subject matter interesting to them. But as philosophers, they were a calamity.

They were not content to spend their lives advocating a more intelligent and a more humane attitude toward children, sorely needed at the turn of the century when it was popularly held that "anything is proper to teach students, provided it's dull." Their ranging and creative minds, guided by pragmatic theory, and fired by an unregulated, Jacobinical passion to equalize, led them to deny the existence of objective truth, to advocate a permissiveness so rampant as to encourage downright lawlessness in students, and to reorient education away from the classical conception that its first responsibility is to train students to master certain essential intellectual disciplines, and to do so irrespective of the difficulty involved, for any given person, in doing so. Dr. Kilpatrick, as much as anyone, is responsible for generating the academic atmosphere in which courses in flycasting are given for credit, the social atmosphere in which disciplinary chaos proceeds unchecked, and—here is the worst of it—the theatrical backdrop for the assertion that, under academic freedom, a college or university may not consider any question as closed (with the exception, of course, of the proposition that no question is closed).

The greatest service American citizens could do in behalf of the nation whose fortunes Dr. Kilpatrick has earnestly attempted to aid in his own, mistaken way, is to do a little serious reading on the fallacies of progressive education. We suggest Mortimer Smith's *And Madly Teach* (Regnery). Or its sequel, *The Diminished Mind* (also Regnery). And, as a chaser, the real-life experiences of a teacher in one of Dr. Kilpatrick's schools—Joan Dunn's *Retreat From Learning* (McKay).

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from WASHINGTON *straight*

A NEWSLETTER

SAM M. JONES

Oil for Western Europe

With gas rationing and limitation on driving already a fact in some Western European countries and a sure prospect in most of the others, the United States as the world's largest petroleum producer (44 per cent) will ultimately and inevitably be tapped not only for European needs but also for NATO and other military purposes. Nevertheless, the Administration is currently adhering to a "do-nothing" policy, notwithstanding our domestic surplus. This is the State Department's weapon to force U.S. policy on Britain and France in regard to the evacuation of Egypt.

With the Suez Canal blocked for an unpredictable number of months, with pipelines cut, and the first tankers en route around the Cape of Good Hope not due for a week or ten days, the only Mediterranean oil available to Europe today is that coming via taplines in Lebanon—a mere driblet of 320,000 barrels daily, or about one-seventh of the actual need. There will be no material relief when the tankers begin to arrive. Oil from Venezuela will help, but only the United States has the production—*and the tankers*—to save Western Europe from a desperate shortage.

Over the week-end of Nov. 17-18, thousands of motorists in Britain, Sweden, Switzerland and other European countries left their cars in the garage and walked or stayed home. In Britain there was no legal restriction, only a plea from the government to abstain from non-essential driving or other use of petroleum products. The traditional British respect for law and public policy brought results that would have been scarcely credible in any other non-totalitarian state. Britain's Automobile Association reported a 50 per cent drop in the number of motor vehicles on streets and highways despite bright weather. In spite of this large-scale public cooperation, the British Government two days later ordered rationing of all petroleum products, to begin December 17. Motorists are cut to 200 miles a month. On December 1, gas diesel supplies will be cut one-third and fuel oil 25 per cent. Only railroads and coal producers will be exempted from this order.

In France, on the other hand, where hoarding has already increased gasoline buying 50 per cent since Suez, a similar government plea for conservation was generally ignored. The Associated Press reported a substantial increase in the number of automobiles that left and entered Paris on the principal motor route as compared with the same date last year.

Other countries showed less faith in voluntary compliance. Switzerland banned Sunday driving except in emergency cases and prepared to introduce full-scale rationing within 30 days. Denmark's Parliament ordered a 20 per cent cut in the use of fuel oil and 25 per cent in that of gasoline. Gas stations in Norway had their allotments cut 10 per cent and were instructed to discriminate against pleasure drivers. Italian fuel oil supply firms were ordered to reduce sales by 5 per cent, with full rationing predicted for December. By far the most drastic curtailment occurred in Sweden, where rationing was reintroduced and suppliers were obliged to reduce deliveries to industrial and residential users by 30 to 50 per cent. Retail dealers were prohibited from selling gasoline to anyone not having a special license, and sales were limited to certain hours during the week.

No immediate shortage was anticipated in West Germany, but prices rose. Austria—the only large producer in Western Europe, with three million tons of crude oil a year—has enough oil for its own needs despite its obligation to provide a million tons annually to Soviet Russia under the terms of the reparation agreements.

In the U.S.A.

This country has long been on a surplus production basis and the oil industry has above-average stocks of nearly 150 million barrels at East Coast and Gulf ports. An authoritative spokesman of the industry has informed this correspondent that the present production of seven million barrels a day can be increased to eight million or more, and that this country has enough oil and tankers to bring a quick end to the European emergency without curtailing domestic consumption or endangering proven reserves. The Office of Oil and Gas in the Interior Department is more cautious in estimating the available oil that could be sent abroad, but its specialists concede that an additional 600,000 barrels a day could be piped to Gulf ports now, with adequate tanker transportation available, and that in a few months daily shipments of a million barrels would be feasible.

Rising prices and conditions of payment are additional problems. In mid-November Esso Standard Oil Co. boosted the price of heavy fuel oil 25 cents a barrel on the Atlantic Seaboard. Further increases are certain. Charter rates for tankers on the London market have jumped 200 to 400 per cent over normal rates. Western European nations must pay for U.S. oil in dollars, whereas their Middle East purchases were paid for in their own currencies. And they are short of dollars. When their desperate plight forces a change in Administration policy, short-term dollar loans will probably be provided by the Export-Import Bank, and if the crisis still exists in January, the President can ask the new Congress to extend long-term assistance.

One other point: How long can America supply West European requirements without decreasing our own industrial efficiency, lowering temperatures in our homes, reintroducing gas rationing, dimming out our cities?

The answers are optimistic but vague. The spokesman for the oil industry regarded it—as of now—as hardly more than an academic question. "But," he added in conclusion, "we can't supply Europe indefinitely."

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A Professsor and a Clergyman Discuss

The Meaning of Hungary

More perhaps than any other event in recent history, the rape of Hungary has shaken the academic world—maybe enough, who knows, to set it to re-examining some of the premises out of which was constructed the policy of coexistence. In college after college, students and faculty issued statements some of which had a ring to them that lift them up out of the class of formal, stylized protest. In the religious world, the moral insufficiency of America's position caused a number of ministers to probe deeply, and assert the necessity of ceding before transcendent moral compulsions.

NATIONAL REVIEW *had intended to take brief notice of a half dozen statements that issued from the academic and the religious world. Instead, we decided, upon setting eyes on them, to devote all our space to reprinting extracts from an address by Professor Frederick Wilhelmsen to the student body of Santa Clara College, and a sermon by the Reverend Stanley Parry of Notre Dame University.*

They are statements that reflect the best that the American mind and the American heart have to offer in the present crisis.

—THE EDITORS

We are gathered here this morning to protest Soviet aggression in Hungary. We meet, I trust, not in the spirit of hate. The enormity of the crime committed by the Russian Army in Hungary cannot be measured in human terms. This crime staggers the reason and leaves it limp with incomprehension. It is as though men had surrendered their humanity, had created a vacuum in their souls—a vacuum which was filled by forces from another world and from an order of things so monstrous that it simply is not commensurate to the hate of man . . .

Not ten days ago the Hungarian people had done what no one had conceived possible. . . . Our political scientists, almost to a man, declared rebellion against the industrialized might of a modern state impossible. There is hardly a political analyst in America who has not been saying for years that revolution behind the Iron Curtain not only could not succeed, but that it could not even get under way. What they forgot was the heroism of a Christian people. What they forgot was that the Faith is not of this world. There are no graves for those of us who are of the Christian West; or—better yet—graves exist solely that we might climb out of them. And Hungary, alone and unaided, rolled back the tombstone of history.

It was perhaps this taunt thrown in the face of dialectical materialism, or was it panic in the Kremlin which saw suddenly that its soft policy of the past year failed to melt like butter the will of decent men but produced only iron and the determination for freedom—was it this that brought back the Russian troops; that caused them to arrest the Hungarian armistice commission; was it the British-French action in the Suez? Probably it was all of these, but it was something more. . . .

This act of Russian Soviet treason was brilliant, magnificent: it was inspired—by hell itself. Today there is a band of corpses, a Soviet rosary, spanning the bridge between Buda and Pest. The frantic calls for help from clandestine radios have ceased. The voice of Hungary is silenced . . . Yet they still fight on, the Hungarians.

They have been fighting since before they were Christians, since the days when they came riding into the Danubian valley through the Carpathian mountains from Central Asia in the dusk of the ninth century. And as with all the great migrations, the First Hungarians—members of the Old Turkish race—followed the sinking sun toward the West, sensing in some dumb manner that their future lay in the Lands of the Evening. That they were hurried on by the Finger of Providence can be doubted by no one who sees history in the light of the Incarnation. Their first King, Stephen, received the Crown from Pope Sylvester II. . . . A light of Faith in the center of paganism, Hungary poured out its blood through the long Middle Ages and even beyond. That land of Hungary—or, more accurately, the Lands of the Holy Crown of St. Stephen—stood as a shield against the threat from the East . . .

No one understands, really understands, the role of this 1,000 year kingdom, this nation who vested its rulers as late as 1916 in a garment woven by the wife of St. Stephen 900 years before, no one really knows this people who does not understand the meaning of the Sacred Crown of St. Stephen. When the American businessman Mr. Robert Voegeler was released by the Communists, the Russians tried to exchange him for the Crown. They failed. It rests somewhere in safekeeping, perhaps in Fort Knox. The Hungarians believe that no government can last long that does not possess the Crown, not simply symbolically but physically . . . Here is no ordinary crown. Given the land by Pope Sylvester in the year 1,000, it was later built up by a headband encrusted with sapphires and enamel plaques on which are carved the saints. On its top is a globe capped by a cross and beneath is the figure of the Savior reposing: He is surrounded by the sun, the moon, and two trees. Below are the apostles. Until 1945 all Hungarian Courts issued their verdicts "In the name of the Sacred Hungarian Crown." . . .

Not ten days ago the image of that ancient Crown, symbol of Hungarian liberty, promise of Hungarian independence, appeared everywhere in the streets of Budapest. Children carried tommy guns and crosses in their hands, the Crown of St. Stephen

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in their hearts. Let us think long on this Crown, we who protest this morning and who appeal to the President for action in the United Nations. This Crown is capped by a Cross—what else would one expect from such a civilized people, a people which has always considered its national existence one with the mission of Christ? But this Cross is bent over at a crazy angle: it appears about to fall . . . the bent Cross symbolizes Hungary today, its back bent under the Soviet boot. But although bent, not broken. We must, as the apostle John writes, "harden ourselves in hope." Remember that the Cross always bends: as Chesterton wrote of the early Church, "the heavenly chariot flies thundering through the ages . . . the wild truth reeling but erect."

The Cross reels today in Hungary. But reeling it stands. And like all crosses it stands arms outstretched—crying for your help and mine. Holy God, grant us the courage to embrace that Cross.

PROF. FREDERICK WILHELMSEN

In remote places, in hopeless isolation and with irredeemable commitment, the last noble remnants of Hungarian students are dying violently tonight. I wish to inquire whether they are dying wisely. In the largest sense we cannot affect the innate wisdom of that death. For to die nobly is always wise. But in an America fat with too much living, it may be difficult for many to see the wisdom of Hungarian defiance—so hopeless, so doomed to failure. For us, however, who still remember that by death life is not taken away but only changed, there remains the power to appreciate deeply the nobility of spirit these men displayed. With awareness in their hearts, they preferred death in a hopeless bid for freedom to a prudent life of enslavement.

The only mistake they made was to expect aid from us. In this Hungary thought too highly of us. We have wrung our hands, and passed resolutions. And now that the last Hungarian radio has been silenced by Soviet might and the tranquillity of the dungeon returns upon the land, the danger is that we will try to forget. This evening I pray that the last voice from Hungary will echo in disturbing and corroding tones through the conscience of the West and stimulate us to a manliness we have of late forgotten. We cannot change the innate wisdom of what they did, but we can, by our response, decide whether their deed will bear its ultimate fruit.

The policies our government should follow in this matter is not my theme tonight. I speak of a sphere of life and decision beyond the reach of the coarse hand of government—that in which the human soul confronts the truth. Here it is that Hungary makes her first and irresistible demand upon us. If our decisions in this sphere are not noble, they cannot even be right anywhere else. And the burden of my theme tonight is this: if you cannot find the nobility of soul to meet those demands, you are indeed a waste people. The students who died in Hungary did not have their lives taken away. They gave them—and gave them most magnanimously. It remains for us to make that gift worth while. In our own souls we must also raise this gift to the level of significance it has already achieved in the souls of those who have died.

In the Providence of God, Hungary has the historic role of defending Christendom against the barbarism that periodically threatens it from the East. Her narrow plains constitute one of the crossroads of history where single battles have decided the course of events for centuries to come. There, in the past, the life of Christendom has been staked on the prowess of Hungarian fighting men and the zeal of the Christian faith. In our day such an issue has once more been met. On the eastern borders of our civilization Bolshevism has organized the negation of God on earth. This negation now confronts Christendom, and Christendom gives a confused response. . . . The light of faith has indeed flickered low in the West. We see too dimly by it.

It has fallen to Hungary, at this moment, to illuminate again the truths by which we live. And so desperate is our confusion that it has required an act of truly heroic proportions to attract our attention. Though it be occupied, enslaved, and abandoned, its spirit has shone forth with an intensity that has lighted up the darkest corners of our society. And the utter abandonment of this act of enlightenment carries with it the urgent intimation that God perhaps is offering Christendom a last chance to be worthy of its redemption.

In the presence of this noble commitment we cannot remain mere spectators. We are tied to the men of Hungary by too many bonds. They are parts of Christendom—so are we. But beyond all these human integrations there rises the truly relevant one. They are members of the Body of Christ—and so are we. Here we find the truth of the matter. It is not Hungarians who are dying in Hungary. It is Christ who is dying in His members. And so we too are dying. The very circumstances of the Hungarian uprising against Bolshevism focus attention on the spiritual character of the issues that are at stake. A student uprising sparked the rebellion, and the issues are issues concerning truth itself, not some narrow national interest. The attempt was hopeless from the beginning; there was no temporal purpose behind it, but rather a purpose whose farther reaches escape the bounds of history, and whose full significance can be grasped only in the perspective of the struggle between Michael and Lucifer, between Christ and Satan. . . .

The sacrifices made in Hungary will not have been in vain if they teach the confused minds of Christendom this truth. But those sacrifices will have produced their full fruit only when the spirit behind them takes root in each of us. For us, therefore, it remains to resolve that the struggle so nobly begun shall never cease.

Christ is ever dying that we may live. And at crucial periods in human history men are frequently ennobled with the mission of dramatizing this truth on the stage of the world. We must make sure, through our actions, that the fire lighted in Hungary shall not die out, but rather shall spring up anew in our own souls, whose commitment to Christ will keep alive the wisdom the West so sorely needs. With St. Paul, therefore, I urge you:

> take up the armor of God, that you may be able to resist in the evil day, and stand in all things perfect . . . having girded your loins with truth, and having put on the breastplate of justice . . . in all things taking up the shield of faith with which you may be able to quench all the fiery darts of the most wicked one. And take unto you the helmet of salvation and the sword of the spirit. . . .

REV. STANLEY PARRY

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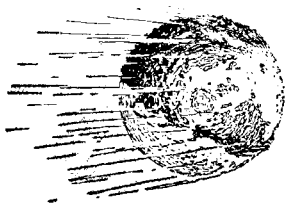

The THIRD WORLD WAR

JAMES BURNHAM

Dialectics of Capitalist Suicide

(Excerpts from the 39th Anniversary Lecture, delivered Nov. 7, 1956 by Comrade Professor Y—— to closed session of the graduate course in Dialectics, Lenin Academy.)

Viewed from the perspective of the Dialectic, the revolution is a *synthesis* resulting from the operation of the subjective elements of consciousness and will (*thesis*) on objective historical conditions (*anti-thesis*).

Vulgar materialists deduce the doctrine of the inevitability of Communism solely from the objective conditions, or anti-thesis. They prove that modern methods of production are incompatible with capitalist social relations and require a world Communist society.

This argument, however, demonstrates only the logical and not the historical necessity of Communism.

The great insight of Leninism is its stress on the subjective factor, on consciousness and will as essential, indeed as the crucial ingredients of the revolutionary process.

The subjective factor may also, in its turn, be dialectically analyzed into positive and negative elements (thesis and anti-thesis): positively, the will to power of the Communists; negatively, the disintegration of the will of the imperialists.

Without the subjective factor it is impossible to understand the course of the revolution. If objective conditions alone were decisive, the revolution would have collapsed on any of four previous occasions: the Civil War; the 1932-33 period of famine, economic transition and inner-Party chaos; the first stage of the Hitler War; the period of American nuclear monopoly in the immediate postwar years.

On each occasion the revolution reached the edge of dissolution, and each time was saved by the subjective element. Rescue came, moreover, more from the negation of the enemy's will than from the positive assertion of our own.

In the Civil War the enemy made only a token intervention, just enough to give us a moral talking point. A couple of active divisions plus modest aid to the White generals would have strangled the revolution at birth. In the Hitler War it was the allied imperialists who defended and saved the revolution, arms in hand: in this case by stupidity (a failure of consciousness) even more conspicuously than by impotence of will. In the postwar period America supinely accepted the enormous Eurasian extension of the revolution without making the slightest use, political or military, of the nuclear monopoly that would have permitted her to impose whatever world political structure she chose.

Saved Again by the Enemy

We are again passing through a period when only the subjective factor can save the revolution. The mightiest military machine in world history has been roused to full alert against us. Gruenther does not exaggerate in stating that it could wipe us out on command. Our entire western front has collapsed. We now know—and the enemy also knows—that the huge satellite armies, trained and armed by us, are not merely useless but hostile. We had assumed that we could not win over the older generation in East Europe, but we—and the world—now discover that we have failed to win the youth whose entire education has been in our hands.

In the Western nations, our Hungarian action is cracking and isolating our local Parties, the indispensable instruments of our world policy, so painfully fashioned for thirty-nine years, and is depriving us of the protective covering of influential fellow-travelers. For the first time there have been throughout the West mass demonstrations, often violent, against our comrades and institutions.

The Economic Plan, already jeopardized by agricultural and mineral deficits and home demand for consumer goods, has been riddled by the remobilization, the nonproductive expenses of the military deployment, the shutdown of Hungary (with its steel mills and uranium mines), and new economic demands from East Europe.

Asian leaders have for the first time publicly shied away from us. The Middle Eastern chief on whom we mainly relied has turned out to be a cheap mountebank, unable to sustain the attack of a handful of Jews.

The whole basis of our present world tactic (Geneva—Coexistence—de-Stalinization), upon which we have labored at such immense cost, is shattered perhaps beyond repair. At the same time we have not yet solved the problem of the post-Stalin structure of our own leadership, and are therefore unable to make a firm general turn in one direction or the other.

Forward on the UN Road

If we reasoned as vulgar materialists, we would conclude that the revolution faced catastrophe. Once more the objective balance is righted in our favor by the subjective factor. By virtue of the Israel-British-French initiative, the imperialists were reestablishing their Middle East position. Just short of victory, the main enemy deserted his allies, joined with us, and led his own forces to clumsy defeat.

Meanwhile our entire western flank was exposed. We would inevitably have had to comply with an ultimatum to withdraw our troops from Eastern Europe, all of which would then have begun swinging out of our orbit. But the enemy, foredoomed by history, was incapable of issuing the ultimatum, or of any other serious action. We were able to take temporary holding measures in East Europe, while we launched a diversionary campaign (the "volunteer" threat, etc.) to keep the enemy bogged down in the Middle East, and squandering his time in internecine quarrels.

Let us add that in their ability to paralyze the enemy's power to act, the UN ideology and structure have exceeded our most optimistic expectations.

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Letter from London

F. A. VOIGT

The Pacifist Perversion

The pacifist frenzy that gripped multitudes of men and women throughout the country has subsided. To speak of "frenzy" may seem an exaggeration, for there has been little tumult and almost no violence. But a scrutiny of the press and of the hundreds of letters, selected from among many thousands that have poured into the editorial office of every leading newspaper, the wildly irresponsible editorial comments in the Liberal and Socialist dailies and weeklies, the innumerable ranting speeches made in Parliament and at public meetings, disclose such a state of overheated emotion, such a surrender to unreason, and such an abandonment of plain patriotism, that to use "frenzy" for this astonishing and disconcerting outburst seems appropriate.

The Government and its supporters were no longer concerned with an Opposition in the normal sense, but with a national pacifist campaign of enormous compass that drew the entire—and very willing—opposition into its swirling vortex. A normal, loyal Opposition does not merely oppose; it also proposes alternatives. But there has been no question of proposing alternatives to the Government's policy, save for reiterated insistence that the United Nations be consulted, although everyone knew that this institution was helpless to stop the war between Egypt and Israel and to arrest the disintegration of the Middle Eastern order.

The British press has, for once, reflected with some accuracy the mood, or, rather, the two separate and antagonistic moods, of a nation divided more sharply than ever before in living memory; though as emotions calm down, the division is not as gaping as it was only a few days ago.

Despite the terrible example of the thirties when British pacifism by its insistence on disarmament made the evitable war inevitable, despite its lack of any considerable organization (for the present United Nations Union is puny compared with the League of Nations Union that was so powerful between the wars), and despite its failure, since the last war, to promote international disarmament and conciliation with the Soviet Union, the British pacifist movement has revived eruptively in response, not to any aggression by Egypt or by Israel, not to the bloody suppression of the Hungarian insurrection or to any other action on the part of the Soviet Union, but to the use of force on the part of Great Britain and France in an attempt to separate the combatants in the war between Egypt and Israel and to prevent the war from engulfing all the Middle East.

The same response from the Liberal and Socialist Parties and from the Trade Unions, has welded Liberals, Socialists and Pacifists in one great movement, comprising nearly half the country, which challenges every action Great Britain might take unless that action is in conformity with the "spirit," as it is called, and with the letter of the UN Charter.

Violation of the "spirit" and of the letter has been the chief accusation brought not only against the British Government, but against the nation, which is represented as disgraced, dishonored, shamed, and the like, amid a chorus of execration from countless ranting orators and writers. The *Manchester Guardian* has joined the chorus and has, in company with the *News Chronicle*, descended to the level of the disreputable *Daily Mirror*, the malevolent *New Statesman & Nation* and the ignoble *Observer*. According to the *Manchester Guardian* (November 8), the British are no longer a "good and great nation."

The Charter stands for righteousness. It has replaced the Ten Commandments. Loyalty to the flag of the United Nations has been raised above loyalty to the national flag. And the pacifist battalions march, as they have marched in England during the last few weeks, under invisible banners inscribed with "My country, therefore wrong!"

Before the British Government had decided to take action against Egypt, Sir Anthony Eden stated in the House of Commons that, if the massacres of the year 1952 had been repeated, Great Britain would have invaded Egypt. But "would that have been in accordance with the Charter?" the *Manchester Guardian* asked (October 15). Evidently not—for "it would have been regarded by much of the world as rank aggression."

If British—or, for that matter American—men, women, and children are massacred in any foreign country, the governments concerned must go to the United Nations for permission to intervene. If the Security Council cannot agree, of if they procrastinate, or if, as the *Manchester Guardian* suggests, coercive action might be regarded as "rank aggression" by "much of the world" (we can guess what part of the world and how much) and the right of veto is exercised, that will be just too bad.

The crisis which has shaken Great Britain during the last few weeks has not been a political but a moral crisis —a crisis of loyalties. It is the existence of the United Nations and the spurious cosmopolitan ethic of the Charter that have given direction and momentum to the forces of disloyalty—a passionate, sincere disloyalty, even if sometimes accompanied by pharisaical posturing and a too obvious enjoyment of moral indignation—but still disloyalty.

This is the plain truth: that when Britain, together with her ally, France, was waging a war (a small war, it is true, and officially called "police action," but of momentous consequence for both Powers and for the "Free World," as it calls itself) an organized and determined attempt was made to stab her in the back.

The menace to the security of Great Britain and of the whole Atlantic Alliance is not only external, not only on the battle-front, when there is a battle-front, it is not only the predatory intentions of the Soviet Union—there is also a grave menace on the home front. And, for Great Britain at least, the menace on her home front has now been revealed as exceedingly formidable, perhaps the most formidable of all. That is the chief lesson to be learned from her most recent crisis.

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(Punch, *the old reliable, sensed in the very days of the Suez Canal opening, 87 years ago, that Progress may mean pain. While Victorian Europe exuberantly congratulated itself,* Punch *published this cartoon with a clairvoyant caption.*)

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—NOVEMBER 27, 1869.

FROM THE GREAT PYRAMID. (A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE CANAL AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.)

FRANCE. "SEE WHAT IT UNITES!" BRITANNIA. "THINK WHAT IT MAY DIVIDE!"

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The PRINTED Word

The "Times" on the Sawdust Trail

The week November 12-14 will go down in the history of the *New York Times* as Get-Knowledgeable-and-Sore-About-the-USSR Week. The following account shows, day by day, how the *Times* first counted ten, then became righteously indignant, then, *mirabile dictu,* began to talk sense:

—*Monday, November 12.* The *Times,* candidly but without anger, notes the discrepancy between a recent official Soviet statement ("The USSR was and remains a constant supporter of . . . peaceful coexistence of states independent of their social systems") and Soviet behavior in Hungary: "With the advantage of surprise and treachery on their side the Soviet troops took over Budapest," and "Tens of thousands of [Hungarians] . . . have been killed or wounded . . . [or] arrested"; contents itself, however, with a bit of debater's sarcasm: "Thus has the policy of 'peaceful coexistence' been expressed in practice"; observes dispassionately that "The UN has come to a crucial moment . . . because the world's problems, *insoluble by any other agency,* are now pressing in upon it" (*italics mine*); casts its editorial shadow before it by seeing against the sky "the gaunt figures of the Four Horsemen"; nevertheless concludes: "we Americans must hope, stand our ground and try to keep our tempers."

—*Tuesday, November 13.* The *Times* reiterates its condemnation of the attacks on Egypt, but has some wee small second thoughts: "it should never be overlooked that the provocation was great and the goals of the British and French defensible"; we must not forget Nasser's "seizure of the canal," his "avowed intention to destroy Israel," his "open aid to the Algerian rebels," his "clearly expressed intention to drive the Western powers out of the Middle East"; the "present situation in the Middle East is especially dangerous because the Russians are moving into the region with ever greater force," and the man who "invited them in," and "has now opened the door still wider," is Nasser; we may, indeed, "soon find the Russians so strongly entrenched in the Middle East that nothing will pry them loose"; poses a question to Washington, namely, Will American policy have proved "sound or wise" if we end up with Nasser stronger than ever, the Suez in Egyptian hands, and the Russians dug in in the Middle East?; withholds its own answer but, again casting its shadow before it, demands "restored priority," in the bosom of NATO, for "military necessities," and comes out flatly against admission of Red China to the UN.

—*Wednesday, November 14.* The *Times* suddenly generates both "heat and light": the Russian threat to send "volunteers" to the Middle East has "truly alarming possibilities"; the Russians "have reason to believe their equipment is being wasted in Egypt," but this is no "excuse for sending men to use it"; takes deep thought, and concludes that the volunteers would be, in effect, a "Communist expeditionary force" which "could give the Russians a dominant position" in the Middle East; comes right out and says that Washington, including presumably its hero Mr. Eisenhower, "is surprisingly complacent about this threat"; seems, *per impossibile,* to be contemplating a situation in which the U.S. might act unilaterally: "One must hope that the United Nations forestalls [the volunteers] . . . Barring that, one must hope that . . . Washington . . . has a due appreciation of the power factors involved and is preparing to stand up [like the British perhaps?] for its own interests and the interests of peace"; edges a little toward what a year ago it would have called "militarism" by expressing approval for the shelving of the Radford plan (for a drastic cut in military manpower); noticeably rubs its hands over General Gruenther's warning that the West will meet any attack upon it with "instant retaliation that would destroy Soviet Russia."

—*Thursday, November 15.* Takes its stand, as naturally as if it had been doing so since the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, against being "ostrich-like," against falling back on "peace at any price," and against the notion—presumably held in some unmentioned quarter—that "the United Nations can pull our chestnuts out of the fire for us"; declares unambiguously that "The issue is between the United States and the Soviet Union," and that what the United States has to decide is "whether we are going to play the global role for which our strength and genius and the developments of modern history prepared us," which any way you listen to it begins to sound like war-mongering; opines that "moral principles and the laudable desire to 'let the United Nations do it' have clouded the issues," and that "the realities of power politics were what everyone should have kept his eyes on"; specifies what Russian control of the Persian Gulf will mean: "the Soviet Union is going to be a greater world power than the United States"; takes—a leaf from Ben-Gurion's and Eden's book: "The time to stop the 'volunteers' is now, before they get in. Afterward, it could mean war [!]"; throws out its chest and begins to make like the late Colonel McCormick: "We can stop them, for they have no right in the Middle East, and we have the power to stop them."

—*Saturday, November 17.* The *Times* denounces Bulganin for acting "as if he were the dictator of the Middle East," and tells him in so many words that he has "no moral or legal right whatever" to tell the UN police force to stay out of the Suez Canal Zone; ends the work-day week with wisdom that suggests its editors have been reading—and are even beginning to understand—NATIONAL REVIEW: "We are seeing an intricate and crucial struggle for enormous stakes. Perhaps [!] it is not too much to say the Russians are now [!] bidding for predominant world power."

—*Monday, November 12 to Saturday, November 17.* The *Times* plants in this reader's mind the question: What does it do about the bridges it leaves behind it? Burn 'em? Or forget 'em? W. K.

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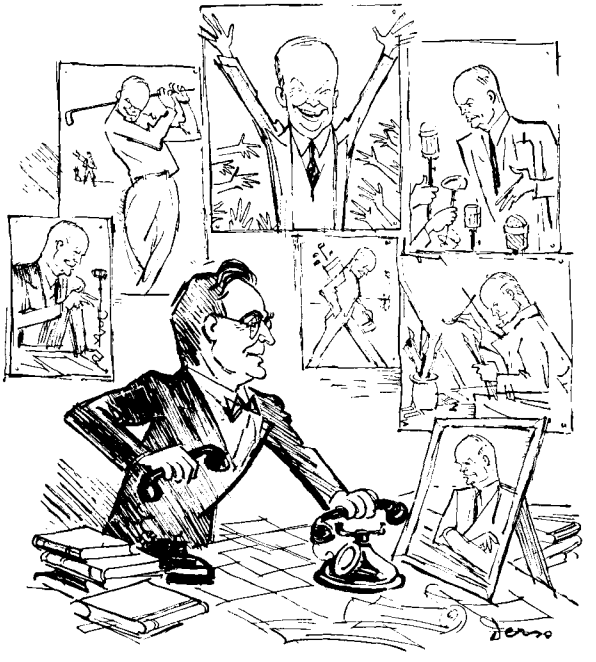
Confidential: Among Ourselves

A junior staff member of National Review records some of our shames and glories during an exciting first year . . .

Flushed with self-importance, we call attention to the fact that this is our First Anniversary issue and confess that we want to talk about it, or better, about ourselves, always an enjoyable way to pass the time. NATIONAL REVIEW received its first lesson in the gentle art of mixing work with pleasure when, late on a Friday afternoon just one year ago, two wooden crates were delivered, simultaneously, to our offices. (Our offices, by the way, which consist of a large room surrounded by cubicles, were described a while back by a labor union paper that went on to prove beyond peradventure that we are a tool of the NAM, as "palatial," no less.) As we pried the slats from the smaller of the two boxes, dispatched by the Wilson H. Lee Company of Orange, Connecticut, we saw for the first time the blue and white cover which (may we say it?) we have come to love. It is a cover described by *Harper's* magazine as "exhibiting the classic stigmata of extremist journals," but once described by one of our readers, bless him, as a "blue-bordered haven in the desert of slanted news." The second crate which, we are glad to say, was larger, held twelve bottles of champagne—the very first act of thoughtfulness from one of our subscribers, a thoughtfulness on which we have come to rely. By the time we had completed the work that lay before us, involving the orderly disposition of both crates, well, the weeks ahead looked less ominous.

And so, it has come to be a tradition in our office—and one would expect a conservative journal to have traditions—that every Wednesday at five, when the printer's messenger has left with the last bit of copy for the next issue, we foregather in the room with a table, and, recalling the glory of days gone by, toast our readers. This is the time when the editors, knowing full well that they need not put paper to typewriter for at least forty-eight hours, make their most extravagant predictions and their most searching analyses, unprintable, of what really makes the Liberal Mind tick. Suzanne La Follette will recall the days of the old *Freeman,* with Albert Jay Nock, and remind us, if she has been a little hard during the day on late copy and our favorite solecisms, that she has a perfectly even temper—she is mad *all* the time. Mabel Wood will look absentmindedly unhappy, for the worst is ahead for her, at the printers' the next day. Priscilla Buckley will read aloud the latest communication describing the horrors of the Alaskan concentration camp in which, as sure as we sit here, she is due to spend her final days. Willmoore Kendall will lovingly describe the syllogism on which he impaled one of his critics. Jim Burnham, more likely than not, will call in from Kent with a post-deadline subtlety that can be worked into an editorial by merely renting a police car and chasing down the printers' messenger.

But mostly, of course, we hear from Willi Schlamm—and mostly, he likes to talk about our Leader, President Eisenhower, whom he does not vote his favorite President. But our revenge on him was sweet. When Willi had the temerity to go to Jamaica for a vacation, last spring, the entire staff devoted itself to the decoration of his office. His walls were plastered with myriad clippings (amassed over the weeks) of the famous Eisenhower smile; from the ceiling hung a mobile of Eisenhower playing golf; and behind his desk, so that he might be framed against it as he worked, a panel of tapestry depicting Eisenhower's career from West Point to the White House. But what really got him was the dummy copy of NATIONAL REVIEW featuring an article by William S. Schlamm urging *both*



The Maestro's Atelier

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parties to nominate Dwight for President, and Milton for Vice President. Willi went back to Jamaica.

But life is not all fun and games. One has to work for a living. So we have had contests, lots of them. In our second issue we had an Educational Contest, a race to see who would have the privilege of sending Dag Hammarskjold, Eleanor Roosevelt, James B. Conant, Paul Hoffman, and some thirty-one others subscriptions to NATIONAL REVIEW. This time, the last one was on us. Not because we had no takers, but because Eleanor Roosevelt actually wrote a letter of thanks to the person who had underwritten her subscription. Solemnly, she promised to find NATIONAL REVIEW "interesting." What dismayed us was not the fact that finding a magazine "interesting" is like describing a person as "nice," but the fear that Eleanor Roosevelt would, in fact, find us interesting. We have been on tenterhooks ever since.

TO ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER. JR
HARVARD UNIVERSITY
NATIONAL REVIEWS Special Award for
Promise In Political Prognostication

The consolation prize is dispatched to Cambridge by NATIONAL REVIEW *editors. Left to right: Priscilla L. Buckley, Suzanne La Follette, James Burnham, Ada, Willmoore Kendall, Wm. F. Buckley, Jr.*

Travels of a Donkey

Our major contest for the year was the "Pick the Candidates" series which challenged our readers to guess the name of the Republican and Democratic nominees for President and Vice President, on the first ballot. The first prize was $1,500 worth of travel credit. As we checked over the entries, before the Democratic Convention, we noticed one submitted by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. The editors passed the hat and voted a special consolation prize. Searching for something appropriate, they hit on the idea of sending him an unusually attractive Mexican burro that was named Ada.

The following citation was read over Ada in NATIONAL REVIEW's office before the burro was sent to Harvard:

> Although you trail the winners, you far surpass the mass
> From NATIONAL REVIEW, therefore, comes cognizance of class.
> So to you, Arthur Schlesinger, respectfully we pass
> This reconstructed remnant of the "Democratic Ass."

But Ada was not to find a loving home in Cambridge. She was delivered to the door—only to be rejected by Mrs. Schlesinger (Arthur was off campaigning with Adlai). So now Ada, renamed Arthur, lives with three children and a set of parents in Sharon, Connecticut, where any of our readers under eight are invited to take a ride.

Last December, in the "Ivory Tower" column, NATIONAL REVIEW sponsored a research project aimed at determining whether, notwithstanding its stated dedication to the principles of academic freedom, the university world is engaged in indoctrinating its students in the Liberal position. We asked students to report whether or not they had been exposed to the conservative as well as the Liberal position. The reaction was heartwarming: *Justice,* of Brandeis University, found "the simple spying advocated by [NATIONAL REVIEW] . . . infuriating"; the University of Virginia's *Cavalier* pointed out that such a project could only be conceived by someone of "Fascist leaning," or, to be charitable, a "crackpot"; the editors of the Columbia *Spectator* could not, after considerable thought, decide whether to "laugh at, or be just plain revolted by," us. The Senior class of Princeton University expressed its feeling by voting NATIONAL REVIEW its favorite magazine—just ahead of *Sunshine and Health* and *Playboy.* The reaction to our research project which we recall with greatest tenderness was that of Hunter College's *Arrow.* "What sort of proponent of academic freedom can Mr. Buckley be," it asked, "when he advocates a system that . . . breeds suspicion, conformity, fear, animosity, distrust and [this one *really* hurt] thoughtfulness?" Yes, "thoughtfulness."

Case of the Confidence Man

Then there was the Paul Hughes Case—or, as we labelled it—"The Terrible Disappointment of Joseph L. Rauh, Jr." Paul Hughes, you will remember, is the confidence man who squeezed $10,800 out of the hierarchy of Washington Liberalism by posing as a disillusioned member of Senator McCarthy's staff and offering to spy on the Senator's criminal activities. Among those Liberal luminaries who hung on Hughes' every whispered word were Joseph L. Rauh, Jr., President of Americans for Democratic Action, Clayton Fritchey, editor of the *Democratic Digest* and deputy chairman of the Democratic National Committee, Philip Graham, publisher of the *Washington Post,* James Wiggin, its executive editor, and Alfred Friendly, its managing editor.

What a trial it was! One witness

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after another virtually besought a jury of their moral superiors to believe that they were *genuinely* taken in by Hughes, even by his garish secret reports, *e.g.*, the one about McCarthy keeping a secret arsenal in the Senate Office Building. To this day, we don't know exactly what went through the jury's mind, but it refused to convict Hughes, thereby implicitly calling some of the juiciest moralizers in America l-i-a-r-s. For several issues after the Hughes trial we kept a box score on the editorial writers and columnists and commentators who had never once mentioned the case, among them Joseph and Stewart Alsop, Drew Pearson, Doris Fleeson, Murray Kempton and the editorial writers of the major metropolitan papers. Only Kempton, of the *New York Post*, had the courage to own up: He wrote, some months later, in a letter to us, "It says something for NATIONAL REVIEW that alone in the country, it did the Hughes case and that there is no other source."

Brickbats

All along we have had brickbats—great big ones. Senator Hubert Humphrey's attack on Brent Bozell on the Senate floor in February, in the course of which he alluded to NATIONAL REVIEW as a "self-styled 'conservative' magazine," neither "required [n]or recommended reading." In April, Dwight Macdonald went after us with positively unbalanced relish, informing the readers of *Commentary* that *our* readers are "half-educated, half-successful provincials" who are "anxious, embittered, resentful," and that NATIONAL REVIEW specializes in "Opacity," "Brutality," "Banality," "Vulgarity."

John Fischer worried terribly about us, all over *Harper's*. Mr. Fischer decided to psychoanalyze the editors rather than their readers. It turns out that all five of them are "dreadfully earnest," and have "grave doubts about freedom"—all because of "some private fund of frustration in [our] personal lives." Bill Buckley paid our critics his compliments in the August 1 issue. The guns have been relatively silent since.

But NATIONAL REVIEW has also met with great kindness from the press. The *Brooklyn Tablet*, the *Richmond News Leader*, the *New Bedford Standard Times*, the *New York Daily News* are conspicuous among the many newspapers that have commended the REVIEW to their readers or reprinted material they have judged valuable. Through their help and through the dedicated work of many of our readers, NATIONAL REVIEW is becoming known as the single weekly journal of opinion willing to look hard at—and laugh at—the *Boobus Liberalis*.

From the beginning, we published the brilliant cartoons of Pulitzer Prize-winning C. D. Batchelor. We retained, too, as staff artist, Mr. A. Derso. In June, we received over the transom a folio of cartoons by an engineer, John D. Kreuttner, which are a source of never-ending joy to us. In July we had briefly in the office two historical documents written on linen by Ukrainian prisoners in the fall of 1955 and smuggled by many stages West, which described prison revolts that had taken place in the Ukraine before the death of Stalin. We have published the minutes of the Communist Party meeting held in New York City in September to hear George Balke Charney, acting chairman of the Communist Party, and the true story behind the UN "package deal" of 1955 by one of the participants.

"I Take Pen in Hand"

But the material that interests us most vitally is that which comes from our readers, bless them. Not all of them are pleased with us, unfortunately; complaints, or rejections, fall into categories. Herewith the kind of letters we receive under these categories . . . There is, first, the ancient difficulty of a new magazine in getting advertising. We might have an ad lined up, and then get something like this:

> Dear Mr. Driscoll:
> I cannot tell you how much I appreciate the opportunity you have given United Consolidated to advertise in your fine and patriotic journal of conservative opinion. Unfortunately, one of the members of the Board of Directors has a daughter at Sarah Lawrence who advised him to veto the eighth of a page we had planned to take in your November 9, 1958, issue. In the hope that you will not hesitate to call on me if I can be of any help to your much-needed enterprise in the future, I am, with best wishes,
>
> Sincerely yours,
> Paul Revere Patrick Henry Harrison

Then there are the difficulties in getting the Circulation Department straightened out. We might get such a letter as this:

> Dear Sir: Att'n. Subscription Dept. I subscribed to NATIONAL REVIEW a month before the first issue. For four months I received nothing but six mailings of the first issue, under covering letters asking me to subscribe. But it was only after I started to get renewal notices for a trial subscription that I wrote and asked you what was the score. Your letter of April 13, signed by a Norman Fowler, thanked me for giving a subscription to my library.
>
> I wrote that I was trying to give a subscription to myself. A Joan Welsh wrote that that was selfish. So I gave a subscription to the library. Now I am getting my copies most of the time but the library is starting to get the first issue with promotional material.
>
> What I am writing for is this: Since I hate to be selfish, please send my subscription to the library and cancel the library's. (My neighbor not only subscribes to NATIONAL REVIEW but also gets it so I can read his.) On second thought, transfer the library's subscription (which was coming to me) to my sister-in-law (address to be sent) who is an awful Liberal, so the REVIEW won't do her any good even if it does arrive. But I owe her a present.
>
> P.S. Please send any issues you think I might have missed.

Or Those whom we have Displeased:

> Dear Mr. Buckley:
> When I heard about NATIONAL REVIEW I immediately subscribed and until now I have enjoyed every single issue. But, after my shock at reading the 12th line on the 18th page of the 20th issue, I cannot support you any longer. Please cancel my subscription. You have obviously been infiltrated.

Well, so it goes. These letters are *not* representative of the mail we receive. We are all happy to take this opportunity to record the admiration in which we hold our readers, and our gratitude for their patience and generosity, and our indebtedness for the encouragement and tactful criticism with which they help direct our course. So with a bow to NATIONAL REVIEW's first twenty thousand subscribers, we look forward to year two. . . . M. B.

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ARTS and MANNERS

WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM

Li'l Abner and Big Capp

At Toots Shor's, a Manhattan restaurant where Broadway characters gather, not so much to eat as to digest their day's heavy food for thought, Mr. Al Capp enjoys the reputation of a Swift. There he is considered to be even wittier than Mr. Milton Berle. In fact, some of my best friends are Capp lovers. This, I suspect, is due to a hidden guilt complex: outrageous nonconformists otherwise, they greedily welcome an opportunity to be just as common as the next man. The clever Mr. Capp draws his comic strip, "Li'l Abner," with such conscience-ridden nonconformists in mind. It pleases him to add these stray birds to his forty million common readers.

The result is a comic strip that, though often quite funny, is significant rather than hilarious. Mr. Capp, the unchallenged brain among the commercial artists, and the unchallenged commercial artist among the brains, knows as much about left-wing politics as, if not more than, Adlai Stevenson; but unlike Mr. Stevenson he also knows how to sell what intellectuals condescendingly call "the folks."

His comic strip has done considerably more for the advancement of socialism in this country than a whole century of learned Fabian propaganda; and his "Senator Jack S. Phogbound," who intermittently populates his comic strip, has far more effectively promoted contempt of Congress than even Mr. Edward R. Murrow. The secret of Mr. Capp is a shrewd version of the ancient purloined letter trick: rather than hide his intention, he adds the one ounce of exaggeration that turns propaganda into clowning. And, for some strange reason, the person who has been tickled by a revolver into yielding his pocketbook does not consider himself held up.

All this, admittedly, is a rather involved way of discussing a new show (*Li'l Abner*: *An Original Musical Comedy*). But what is one to do if Broadway, in an onslaught of ADAism, turns a dozen or two painfully outworn leftist clichés into a smashingly professional production? Deny its theatrical power? But the choreography by Mr. Michael Kidd is so stunning that it would make a performance of the Brooklyn telephone directory theatrically amusing. Is one to say that *Li'l Abner,* nonetheless, is an obtuse show? Yes, this is exactly what one has to say, quite honestly; but one has to go into some tangential subject matter in order to say it plausibly.

A delightful beat throbs through the many dance scenes of *Li'l Abner,* but offhand I can't recall a musical that moves more slowly. The reason is obvious—but only to him who has thoughtfully considered Mr. Capp's comic strip. "Li'l Abner" (and I mean the strip) reports daily on the goings-on in "Dogpatch, U.S.A."; and the crucial joke of the whole venture is precisely that, no matter what happens to them, Li'l Abner Yokum and his Pappy and his Mammy and Daisy Mae and Marryin' Sam and Available Jones never, never, never change at all. Mr. Capp, who is a past master of the switcheroo (*i.e.,* the fresh exploitation of very old tricks by turning them inside out), has based his comic strip on the reversal of all dramatic rules: his characters are totally unaffected by fate—and this is the very joke.

With such material Messrs. Norman Panama and Melvin Frank have rather optimistically endeavored to build a musical comedy, and an "original" musical comedy to boot. But nobody could. Whatever comedy there is in *Li'l Abner,* the strip, is not musical: the partly handsome and partly repulsive vermin that inhabit Mr. Capp's world are congenitally inarticulate and altogether tone-deaf. And whatever is "original" in Dogpatch is by definition static: Mr. Capp's creations have neither mind nor soul nor, particularly, a subconscious—and how is anybody going to turn this trademark of Mr. Capp's continuity into the minimum of dramatic crescendo that even a mere musical needs?

So what assaults you for two and a half hours from the stage of the St. James Theater is nothing but Mr. Capp's gall. Granted that he's got more of it than all the rest of Mr. Toots Shor's clientele—which is to say, a great deal. Still, all the gall of Broadway and its suburbs is not enough to substitute for one ounce of dramatic inventiveness. Consequently, *Li'l Abner,* for all the pleasant exuberance of its dancers, never leaps into the third and even fourth dimension of a theatrical show. From the first curtain up to the last curtain down it's a two-dimensional sketch, drawn by a man who has not the slightest respect for his creatures, and even less for his audience.

And this, come to think of it, might be the last word on Al Capp, the cartoonist. Unlike most of his colleagues, he has read several books, though the wrong ones. Furthermore, he has a crush on what, among Leftists, goes for satire—the juvenile tendency to debunk everything under and, particularly, *in* heaven as the effect of dirty causes. If applied with Mr. Capp's unmistakable savagery, this worm's eye view is sometimes funny. But its end-result is as redundant and as unattractive as halitosis.

If I were Mr. Capp, I would stop being Mr. Capp. For it is, in the first place, indubitably tough to be every evening, at Toots Shor's, wittier than even Mr. Milton Berle. Moreover, there just is not enough money in the comic-strip business to compensate for the horrors of a misanthropy which peeks through every single one of Mr. Capp's drawings. He can't fool me. Far from loving Li'l Abner, this beautiful hunk of imbecilic boy, and Daisy Mae, the most supple décolletée in the business, he despises those bores. And, in the course of a career that has added the applause of the intelligentsia to oodles of money, Mr. Capp has got the distressing idea that all people are either as dumb and innocent as Li'l Abner or as dumb and rotten as General Bullmoose. Which leaves him, in the company of forty million readers, all alone.

For it becomes the inescapable fate of Leftists to adore mankind and to despise man. While I enjoy the privilege of distrusting humanity-in-heaps and loving persons.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Scandalized Immortality

JOHN ABBOT CLARK

Plums there are aplenty in the latest serving of Boswellian pudding. (*Boswell in Search of a Wife, 1766-1769*, edited by Frank Brady and Frederick A. Pottle. McGraw-Hill, $6). Some of them, it is true, are a bit on the green side, while others were obviously a little rotten before they were ripe. But all in all, one will find here a rich harvest of human interest material—vignettes, anecdotes, personalia, and a great deal of shirt-sleeve history, with an occasional *jeu d'esprit* or a little Platonic dialogue on the half-shell thrown in for good measure.

Boswell's love affairs (to stop far short of calling many of them by their right names) crowd the pages of the present volume. And throughout the relatively short span covered by it, Boswell is continually on the lookout for, as our sociologists are so fond of putting it, a mate. At times, however, the *leitmotif* gets lost in the shuffle. "After unpacking my trunk," writes Boswell, "I sallied forth like a roaring lion after girls, blending philosophy and raking."

The raking aside, one will discover a lot of "blending" in his philosophy, too. Boswell was a natural child of the Enlightenment, with nineteenth-century longings in him. At this period, Rationalism was repeatedly being violated by Sensibility; and Boswell was one of the most open-eyed and willing "victims" of these extra-statutory assaults. There was a hard core of reason and good sense within him which he could reduce to the consistency of goose-grease at a moment's notice. Even so, Boswell's endless oscillations between those at least apparently polar opposites, Hume and Rousseau, are unusually engaging rather than repellent because they are almost wholly devoid of those poisons which so frequently accompany sincerity.

Though Boswell's diarizing takes up most of the space here, as it did in the earlier volumes, some of the most engrossing sidelights are to be found in the correspondence between Boswell and his friends, especially the letters to and from Temple, the country parson, a fellow as droll in his little provincial way as Boswell was in his large cosmopolitan ways. It's when Johnson appears upon the scene, however, that the book takes on body and glow. (In certain respects, at least, the Boswell-Johnson relationship is the old story all over again of the jellyfish and the rock.)

James Boswell

Boswell without Johnson by no means cuts a sorry figure; but when away from Johnson, Boswell's very real virtues tend to become swaddled in egotism and cant, while his shortcomings often take on the coarser aspects of fraudulence and violence. Johnson, without even trying, can make us love Boswell for his faults. Boswell on his own frequently loses not only our affection but our respect as well.

But after all of Boswell's topings, sex-bouts, and "venereal disasters"; after all of his sashays to London and Edinburgh and Stratford and Dublin; after all of the tiffs with his father; after all of the concern—half-serious, half-theatrical—about Corsican freedom; after all of the calculated courtships and chance involvements (including the one great love affair of Boswell's life, the one with himself); what really makes this latest installment of the Boswelliana memorable is the compelling character of Margaret Montgomerie, Boswell's cousin, and the girl he finally marries. As revealed in her letters, the future Mrs. Boswell was, in her own most appealingly feminine way, a person of truly Johnsonian cast and fiber, a woman who puts many of fiction's most admirable heroines completely in the shade.

If two such sterling people as Margaret Montgomerie and Samuel Johnson could become so attached to Boswell, and expend so much of their devotion on him, then who, pray tell, are we to cast stones? There certainly must have been much more to Boswell than we'll ever be able to discover merely by reading him. And it begins to look as if that is something we'll be doing for the rest of our lives. With handsome promises of many, many more volumes to come, where it will all end, knows only God—or Yale.

In his delightful preface to *Boswell's London Journal*, Christopher Morley shuddered to think what Dr. Johnson might have said about the book. "Perhaps: 'Sir, he has scandalized himself into immortality.'" . . . Before this whole Boswell business gets utterly out of hand, maybe Mr. Morley (or someone far, far less susceptible to Boswell's charms than he) should again take up Dr. Johnson's pen and dispatch a blistering letter to the B(oswell) B(urrowing) C(orporation).

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This Realm

The New World, Vol. II of A History of the English-Speaking Peoples, by Winston S. Churchill. 433 pp. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $6.00

This, the second volume of Churchill's *History of the English-Speaking Peoples,* fully confirms the judgment I made of the first volume in these pages (NATIONAL REVIEW, June 20): "Greater histories of England have been written, but none, I think, approaches this one in verve, in its surging power of narration, in its creation of compelling images of individual men in historic action. . . . It is history in the grand style."

But the first volume dealt with a period, the Middle Ages, which lends itself more readily to the genius of Churchill's style than do the Renaissance complexities and seventeenth-century fanaticisms with which this volume, devoted to the Tudor and Stuart reigns, is concerned. To maintain the unity and splendor of his design in telling the story of the troubled and contradictory struggles of these times involved difficulties which he has triumphantly surmounted—and he has done this without giving way to the simplifications of a partisan spirit only too common among English historians of these centuries. No one bearing the name of Churchill can be completely free of some lingering commitment to ancient loyalties of the days of Marlborough, least of all his biographer. But the impress of these commitments is slight indeed, and this book will give as little comfort to extreme exponents of the Whig interpretation of history (so long dominant on the English historical scene) as it will to the extreme revisionists, whether of Tudor or of Stuart history.

It is as though Churchill had been inspired by those magnificent lines of T. S. Eliot, whose undoubted reference is to the English civil wars of Stuart times:

> If I think, again, of this place,
> And of people, not wholly commendable,
> Of no immediate kin or kindness,
> But some of peculiar genius,
> All touched by a common genius,
> United in the strife which divided them . . .
> These men, and those who opposed them
> And those whom they opposed
> Accept the constitution of silence
> And are folded in a single party.
> Whatever we inherit from the fortunate
> We have taken from the defeated
> What they had to leave us—a symbol:
> A symbol perfected in death.

It is England that Churchill celebrates, not Charles I or Cromwell, but that which they created in their struggle—because something common to both underlay the struggle. If there were space, I should like to quote him at length on the roles and characters of Charles I and Cromwell. But excerpts from the epitome of Charles may give an indication:

> He had been in his heyday the convinced opponent of all we now call our Parliamentary liberties. Yet as misfortunes crowded upon him he increasingly became the physical embodiment of the liberties and traditions of England. . . . In the end he stood against an army which had destroyed all Parliamentary government, and was about to plunge England into a tyranny at once more irresistible and more petty than any seen before or since. . . . He was not a martyr in the sense of one who dies for a spiritual ideal. His own kingly interests were mingled at every stage with the larger issues. Some have sought to represent him as the champion of the small or humble man against the rising money-power. This is fanciful. He cannot be claimed as the defender of English liberties, nor wholly of the English Church, but none the less he died for them, and by his death preserved them not only to his son and heir, but to our own day.

The history of the United States that can do with Hamilton and Jefferson, with Calhoun and Lincoln, what Churchill has done with Charles and Cromwell, has yet to be written. And it is not the least of the crimes of progressive education and scientism in our country that nothing in the present atmosphere makes it seem likely that it will soon be done. Nor in England is it more than luck that such a book as this can be written. The same diseases of the soul are wasting their spiritual substance. Churchill is a happy relict of an older and nobler tradition.

The image a people holds of itself forges in the souls of its members an ideal of character and of action that lifts men above the common ruck. Churchill has recreated such an image, conceived in freedom, for England. Would God that in these prosperous and bloated times, an American *compère* would do as much for these United States.

FRANK S. MEYER

Dull Corruption

The Muses are Heard, by Truman Capote. 182 pp. New York: Random House. $3.00

Mr. Capote is not only a writer, third generation Southern Gothic, exquisitely potted and lushly flowering in mid-Manhattan; he is also the administrator of an engagingly flossy public character: bangs, neo-Edwardian *couture,* youthfully wilted smile, and the air of a clever child murmuring *"Si la jeunesse savait . . ."* Sending him to Russia seemed as deliberately improbable as, say, sending Jayne Mansfield to a rare-book auction. But it promised to produce offbeat copy.

According to the blurb, this brisk little diary is only "a partial outcome" of Mr. Capote's trip to the Soviet world; and in fact it does cover only ten days of Christmas week 1955, when Mr. Capote and some ninety members of a *Porgy and Bess* touring company traveled from East Berlin to Leningrad to give Gershwin's opera its much-publicized Soviet première. Originally tailored for the *New Yorker,* Mr. Capote's account tries for the sort of mimicry of everybody's conversational inanities which Lillian Ross perfected in her portraits of Hollywood and Hemingway. This gives us often funny, not very kind, but externally accurate glimpses of Mrs. Ira Gershwin and her diamonds, Mr. Leonard Lyons and his copy-deadline, and various members of the cast who tend to play their on-stage roles offstage.

But of course what we are waiting for is a look at the Russians, and here, alas, Mr. Capote's eager eye for the grotesque yields almost nothing. We are introduced to a number of interpreters, delegates, and men-on-the-street, but a ponderous, spiritless solemnity prevails. The only person who comes alive for even a moment is the wife of a crooner who describes himself as *"le Bing Crosby de Russie."* "Tell your friends," she

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whispers, digging her nails into Mr. C.'s sleeve, "to bring me shoes, stockings, things for close to the skin. Anything . . . I will buy *anything.*'"

If only Mr. C. had gone to the South Pole and looked at the penguins, I'm sure he would have brought back the shrewdly perverse story his publishers were expecting. But the Russians left him at a loss. He visits their dives and department stores; he plods through their museums, shivers in their cold, even drinks the raspberry soda they serve with dinner. But the whole spectacle is remorselessly dreary. Along with their all-time records for murder and misrepresentation, the Soviets seem to have set another: never before has such vastly organized corruption been so unesthetically dull.

ROGER BECKET

Portrait of a Liberal

The Foreign Minister, by Leo Lania, translated by James Stern. 234 pp. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50

If the value of fiction is measured by its relevance to the present, this is a great novel. Although the events narrated correspond closely to the Russian coup d'état in Czechoslovakia and the death of Eduard Benes, Mr. Lania rightly claims that he has not written a *roman à clef*. He has, so far as possible, dulled local color in his scene and suppressed idiosyncrasies in his characters. The protagonist whose thoughts and recollections on the last day of his life we share is really the "Liberal" statesman of any nation of European civilization. With a few adjustments of detail you would have, for example, a sympathetic portrait of Adlai Stevenson or John Foster Dulles.

The Foreign Minister is a man of sincerity and passionate belief in "democracy." He is a pathetic rather than a tragic figure. His is the typically Liberal lack of perspective, the terrible myopia of men who live only in the present and in dreams of the future. He is a man who with juvenile arrogance set out to find a fabulous land of milk and honey. When his path was barred by an obviously artificial barrier, he set to work with pickaxe and shovel to open the way to a better world. Only when the water spurts through does he realize that what he has ruined was the dyke of traditions that held back the innate savagery of mankind. He is swept away in the flood.

I do not know what Mr. Lania's political views are; I suspect, indeed, that he sympathizes strongly with the viewpoint of his hero. If so, he has not permitted his politics to corrupt his art. He has drawn an honest and humanly convincing portrait, and he has thereby exposed the intellectual and moral bankruptcy of "Liberal democracy." By its superstitious awe of the common man and by its rejection of traditional and constitutional limitations on the "will of the majority," Liberal democracy has deprived itself of the means of resisting intriguers adroit enough to appeal to the greed and malice of the proletariat. It is by its very nature defenseless on the left.

All this the Foreign Minister senses in the last hours of his life when he can no longer conjure away present reality with platitudes about the future. And mercifully his doom overtakes him before he has taken the full measure of his thoughtless betrayal of the cause he thought to serve.

REVILO OLIVER

Passion for Bach

Beyond Desire, by Pierre de la Mure. 404 pp. New York: Random House. $3.95

This is one of those panoramic biographies which, written as a romantic novel, gives us a view of a whole period in history, centering around the life of the composer Mendelssohn. Unlike the lives of most artists of his time, there is no hectic struggle with poverty and disease. By contrast with his contemporaries his love affairs are few, long and comparatively happy, the greatest of them being his long married life with the beautiful Cecile Jeanrenaud.

But the greatest passion of his life, taking precedence over even his love for Cecile, was his passion for the music of Bach. In his fight to restore it to its proper place, he made deadly and powerful enemies; risked his health, his career, and his life; and became a veritable outcast for a time.

The denouement of the central plot ends in Leipzig where Mendelssohn died; but this book is full of scenes in London, Berlin, Paris, Dresden, Duesseldorf and Frankfurt. These scenes are crowded with lifelike portraits of Queen Victoria, Chopin, Liszt, Schumann, the Rothschild family, Wagner, the Prince Consort Albert, and the fiery Italian Prima Donna, Maria Salla. The book also abounds in well-drawn characters of no historical interest, especially the puritanical aldermen of Leipzig who tormented, persecuted, and finally tried to have Mendelssohn murdered, killing one of his choir.

In order to perform Bach's "Passion," having been deprived of the municipal choir, he was forced to recruit his singers from blacksmiths, yokels, and women of slight repute. The feud of the respectable burghers with Mendelssohn and his rag-tag-and-bobtail choir reads like a Corsican vendetta, and ends in tragedy. Mendelssohn died when well within sight of the fulfilment of his life's dream—the public performance of Bach's "Passion" in Leipzig.

The portrait of Mendelssohn given in these pages is convincing as to the personality and character of the man, brave, patient, courteous, loyal, and warmhearted. But the author seems to overrate his genius. The easy, elegant smoothness of the early formative years of his youth as the son of a rich banker is reflected in the ease and smoothness of Mendelssohn's music, and precludes true greatness. Nonetheless *Beyond Desire*, Mr. de la Mure's second book in America, is a worthy successor to *Moulin Rouge*.

ROY CAMPBELL

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To the Editor

The editors take pleasure in reprinting letters which, for one reason or another, have particularly delighted them over the year.

Don't Compromise

For a time there I was wondering whether NATIONAL REVIEW's editorial policy was really effective. I was inclined to suggest that your magazine carry articles that would furnish conservatives with polemical "ammunition" written in a straight factual style. . . .

However, after reading a recent piece from . . . [the Liberal press] I no longer insist that you compromise. . . . The issues you raise have been greeted by oceans of silence on the part of left-wing commentators and the questions you pose ignored by the editors of the Liberal journals. . . .

New York City WILLIAM E. TRAINER

From Senator Bridges

I have read with interest your new publication, NATIONAL REVIEW. The articles are thought-provoking and refreshing and your factual presentations of controversial subjects fill a long-standing need in this country.

I wish you success.

STYLES BRIDGES
Chairman, Republican Policy Committee, U.S. Senate

Washington, D.C.

Responsibility

. . . I enjoy your magazine. I don't agree with about 50 per cent of your opinions, but you make me mad and sometimes make me think. That's a tremendous responsibility for a magazine to have—making people mad and making people think.

Pittsburgh, Pa. PAUL J. ROOS

Don't Fear Good English

I have been reading NATIONAL REVIEW each week with growing interest. I like your militant attitude and a kind of youthfulness of spirit which is rare in these days, when too many conservatives have grown weary and discouraged. You not only say what you think, but you are not afraid to say it in good English. . . . If something is not done about it, our language will soon be as obsolete as Chaucer's. That is why I am doubly grateful to you (both editors and contributors) for trying to keep alive this wonderful English language, with its great range and power and subtlety; and I admire you for your mastery of the deadly weapons of wit and humor, which can be so devastating to our enemies. Thank you, and God bless you!

New York City MARY REISNER

Wants Money Back

I bought your magazine when buying the *New York Times* and the *Christian Science Monitor*. A quick perusal of it makes me ask you to refund my twenty cents plus postage.

Bedford, Ohio FLORENCE DAVIS

(Only if you can prove that you have forgotten what you read!) EDITOR

"Witty and Muscular"

Willmoore Kendall's column is wonderful, and everything William Schlamm puts his hand to is first-rate. The Buckley-Kirk tandem on education is the best thing on the subject in print, and the Bozell-Jones coverage of U.S. politics is great. . . .

The best part of all is your editorial policy which is, as promised, witty, muscular and outspoken. . . .

THOMAS J. MCINTOSH

Geneva, Switzerland

Pained

I seriously believe that a sound liberal outlook can in time solve all the world's problems. Stop, *stop* this very minute calling all the sensible people in this country "the Liberal Propaganda Machine." Your unreasonable behavior is really quite disgusting and makes me physically ill. In fact, reading your last issue gave me the worst case of gas pains I've had in thirty-one years. One compensation: the cover was inoffensive.

New Haven, Conn. P. H. HARE

Amuses—and Angers

NATIONAL REVIEW continues to interest, amuse, and anger me, and what more can I ask of a magazine? I don't get this reaction from any other journal these days.

Ithaca, N.Y. CLINTON ROSSITER

"Spring of Reason"

Please rename your magazine THE WEEKLY OASIS, for it surely is one, a blue-bordered haven in the desert of slanted news, a clear cool spring of reason among the shifting sands of Wechsler, Cattledge, Friendly, et al.

New York City RICHARD FERGUSON

"Hitting Where It Hurts"

The REVIEW is in every way superb; it comes like an answer to prayer. All those concerned in the enterprise deserve medals. I, for one, am especially pleased with the weekly rundown on what the "liberals" and leftists are doing—as in Mr. Kendall's excellent page of comment. The review section is tiptop. The special articles are fine—they are hitting where it hurts the opposition . . . It's all what we have been needing these many years—for decades, in fact. You are well on the way to changing the political-social scenery.

Nashville, Tenn. DONALD DAVIDSON

Mental Exercise: Two Views

I am a housewife, the mother of three children. I had only two years of college which were not spent in pursuit of learning but of my present husband. . . .

I do not understand your . . . brand of humor. The insertion of copious asides in parentheses irritates me no end when I am trying to collect simple facts that I can relay in my own words. . . . Why? I love you guys. Why do you cloud up the views?

Bartlesville, Okla. ANNE ADAMS

I'm still reading NATIONAL REVIEW avidly from cover to cover. I must confess that some of the items stir up muscles in my brain that I didn't even know were there, but I force myself to read even the ones I understand least. The results are gratifying as I find that each week I understand more. Your magazine, therefore, is contributing to the non-delinquency of an adult. . . .

Valley Stream, N.Y. WILLIAM KEENE

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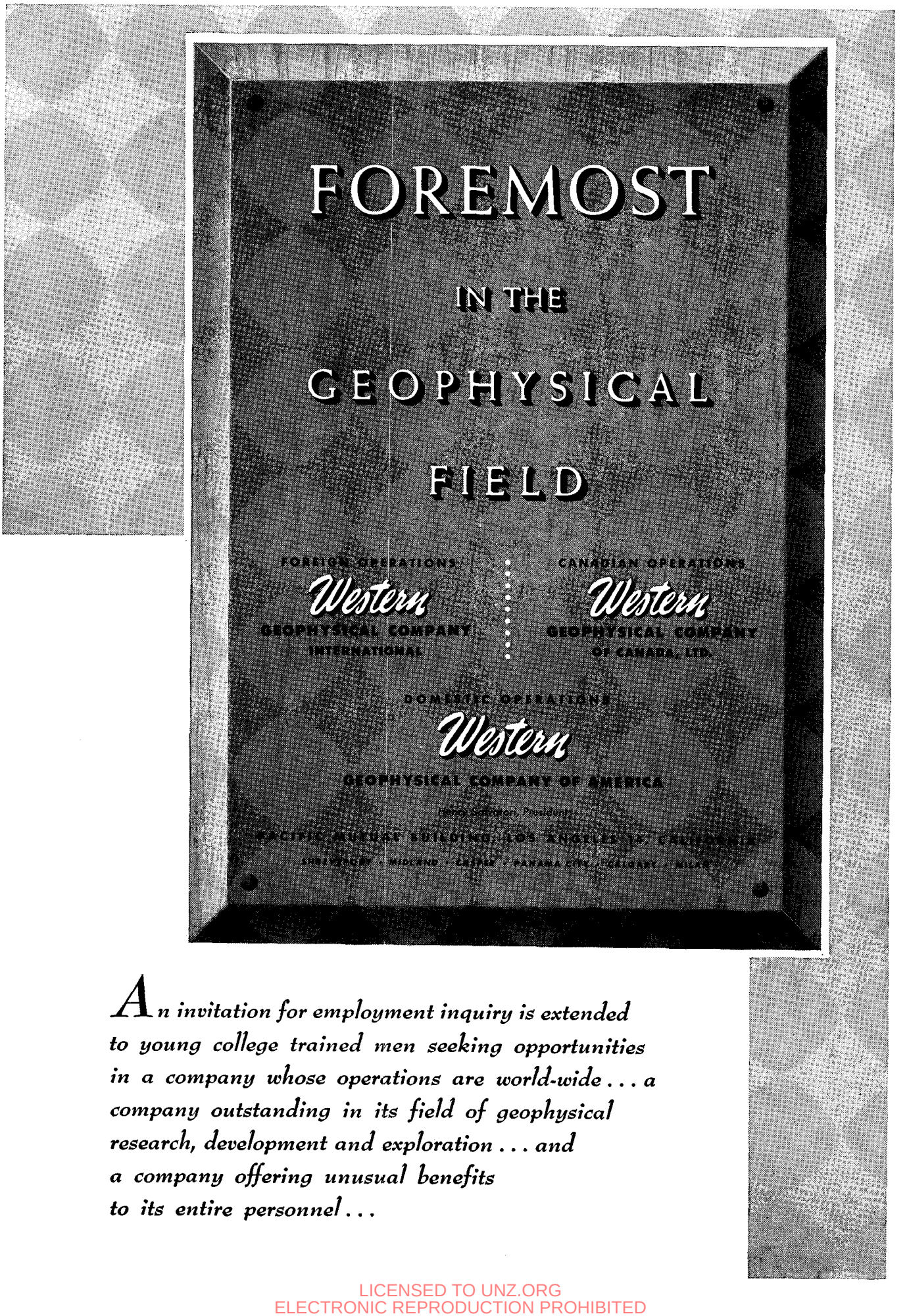

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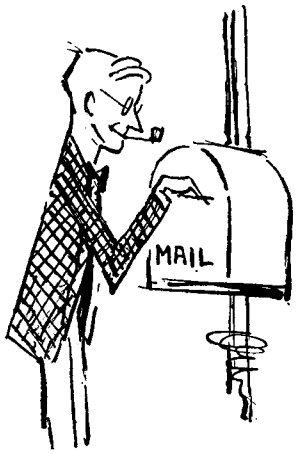

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